

# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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## Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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understood if we credit that \$2.50 will be expected and demanded.

W. P. WALTON.

## GEORGE O. BARNES

GOD IS LOVE AND NOTHING ELSE

PRaise THE LORD.

MOREHEAD, August 27th, 1887.

DEAR INTERIOR:—I was quite a transition in many respects from the stately old family mansion at Spring Hill to this mountain village. Chiefly to the contrast between the atmosphere of heavenly peace that surrounds the former and the inquiet restlessness of this sorely-tried community. Under the great ancestral trees, that guarded from the summer's heat, with impene trable shade, the guests who have the privilege of entry to that pleasant home, the scene is one pre-eminently peaceful. Nothing more balmy than the ceaseless recriminations of the katydid is heard in the tranquil twilight at Spring Hill. "She did! She didn't! She did! She didn't!" is about the most decided approach to an "an pleasantries" I heard there. And as that family quarrel has been going on for so many generations in the tree-tops, and as far as I can learn, has never resulted in any serious breach of the peace, it may be regarded rather in the light of a harmless badinage on the part of the gentle green creatures, than as a token of serious hostility, or even serious difference of opinion.

In a battle-scarred Morehead, how different! Every spot about the pretty village whose first acquaintance we made six or seven years ago, is marked by some memory of the strife that has been raging for over three of those years. One cannot take a walk without some association of that sort stalking beside him. And these things have their dreadful fascination about them. I for one, cannot shake it off. How can I walk by the spot where Craig Tolliver fell, riddled with Winchester rifle shots, as I do every day, half a dozen times, without recalling the terrible scene and imagining it all again and again? Or, when I walk by the fence over which his kinsman put "Bad" Tolliver, with a broken thigh, that fatal day, and he crawled away to a clump of grass and weeds, to be found later on, and killed; I am mentally incapable of shutting out the horrible rehearsal of the dreadful tragedy. Sometimes I come down the next street, for a change, and there too, I am confronted by the very spot where "Jay" Tolliver fell, pierced by the swift bullets that outsped his rapid flight. As for the "Central Hotel," that we pass so often, I am bound to glance at the windows, where the bill-boards in the unshattered glass still remain with their cleanly-cut perforations and radiated, star-like discs, to tell how the laden messengers of death sought the anxious fugitives gathered there; who, perhaps, appeared for a moment, passing the windows or looking out with white faces on the certain death closing round them from every quarter. It was in an upper chamber of this hotel, well chosen for its commanding position as a rendezvous, that Hiram Cooper was shot, hiding in a wardrobe; and from which the three Tollivers sprang out of a back door and made the last race for their hurried lives, when all hope of successful resistance was gone. I have seen it in imagination 50, say, 100 times since I have been here. Only Andy Tolliver escaped, and he wounded in two places, his clothes and hat almost cut off him with bullets. But he seemed to bear a charmed life that day.

Oh, it is dreadful to hear about that bloody 22d of June, as I have heard it from many lips; and simply impossible not to take a lively interest, even when no side is espoused, as is, of course, the case with us who bear the gospel of peace to both parties in the strife.

The "American Hotel," where the four slain men were laid out and dressed, is right opposite the "Cottage Hotel," where we board. Only the railway and 75 yards of ground between the two. This was Craig Tolliver's tavern and saloon and lies just in the rear of the depot, across a narrow street. In front of that, with its knots of men gathered in constant converse, we pass wher we leave our hotel to go to meeting. Endless suggestions spring up there also. One is bound to think of it all. Indeed, men think of little else here now. There is but one topic that never grows stale. And the questions of the hour are as burning ones as ever. Business, such as ought to go on in a town of this size, is completely paralyzed. Almost the only packages of merchandise that come by rail are the stoves for the camp. The ubiquitous drummer's occupation is gone. One, an old friend from the mountains, ventured to take out his sample trunks because he was bound to have a little more gospel, after so long a fast; but he is the solitary exception. This, perhaps, tells the tale more effectively than any elaborate description. There must be total paralysis where the "commercial traveler" puts in no appearance.

And yet, this might be an earthly paradise, but for lawless men. I don't know a more exquisite situation for a town. "As the mountains round about Jerusalem" are these beautiful hills, with their graceful waving outlines, clothed with verdure from bottom to top. The Triplett winds thro' the circular valley at the base of the eastern range; a romantic stream, fringed with birch, paw-paw and cucumber trees; murmuring over its gravelly bed, or rushing, when swollen, against impeding rocks, with the well-known music of a mountain torrent. The little river and the railroad, that guard the northern gorge; then the range widens out around the circular basin where Morehead is built; then contract again at the southern pass, where the two run out together. North of town lies a park-like common, about 100 acres in extent, that could be made into anything, for landscape beauty. It only needs to cut away the undergrowth in places to have a charming resort; for nature has dotted the clumps of trees and shrubs, here and there already, in the most artistic manner. We walk there every evening, enjoying the fresh air and gathering wild flowers.

Our party is small, but most congenial. John Woodcock, Sister Mary and Will are all here. John came with us, his wife and boy, last Wednesday. Then Col. John H. Moore, who preceded us and made arrangements for our boarding place, came to the little company. We have been very happy together.

The N. & M. V. railway does a rushing business through this modest village—six "passengers" a day and "freights" innumerable. It is almost one continuous stream of screaming engines and trailing cars, by night and day. At first they kept us awake at night. Now they howl a lullaby to deepen our slumbers. We are not more than 50 yards from the great trade artery, so we have the full benefit of it. Our meetings have been well attended. At night quite crowded and fairly full by day. But the court-house is evidently the centre of attraction. Had Judge Cole, like good Judge Russell in Breathitt, given us a chance in the court-room, daily, to mingle the gospel with the law, better results would have followed. I am sure. Perhaps Judge R. would not have acted as he did, if a company of soldiers and a Gatling gun had been at call just outside his court windows as here. Circumstances alter cases. If there were no troops, I suppose Judge C. would not condemn the prospective power of the gospel. As it is, he leans on the "arm of flesh," and "highly exalts" what, if he did but know it, is his only chance of a permanent settlement of this corner of his district. I do not think we could do more good by remaining longer. The men we want to reach are mad on the trial of Pigeon and Perry, charged with the murder of Craig Tolliver. They have ceased to come to church since that case was called and the court house, where alone we could catch them, is monopolized by the law, with its stern "thou shalt nots"—that only arouse the purpose to break it. My judgment is that if anybody on either side is convicted, more blood will flow. I think the only chance is to let "by-gones be by-gones," and start afresh. If this option be given, I think both sides have had enough killing and will agree to compromise on the gospel, as in Breathitt. Judge Russell showed his wisdom by emptying the Breathitt jail, though there were seven men, I think, in there for so-called "murder." The "enforcement of the law" is all very well when you can enforce it. When you can't, then gracefully do the next thing on docket and try another plan. There is undoubtedly power enough in the State of Kentucky to "wipe Rowan out," but what good would that do? And when hundreds of thousands have been spent here, as in Breathitt, what has been gained? Absolutely nothing. But much lost. A sullen, defiant community, with all the elements of disorder aggravated, is what the outlay has achieved. You cannot apply the rules that obtain in a city or closely populated country to these sparsely settled mountain fastnesses, peopled by rugged but good hearted men, who settle disputes in a fierce, fiery way and resent outside interference with one accord. We leave in an hour for O'Connell Springs to remain one week.

Ever in Jesus, GEO. O. BARNES.

BEER.—The enormous number of saloons now in operation in New York and Brooklyn, and particularly the fact that the number in Brooklyn has almost doubled since the beginning of the present Mayor's administration, have caused the question to be asked frequently how all these saloons are supported.

A reporter of the Commercial Advertiser has been investigating the subject. He found in the first place that most of the Brooklyn saloons are not owned by the man whose name is on the door, but by the brewer whose beer the saloon keeper sells. In many cases when the brewer does not actually own the saloon, he backs it which amounts to the same thing as regards the property of the saloon. Another thing that the reporter discovered is that the profit made by selling beer at five cents per glass is generally more than the heavy profit glasses are known to be in beer. This profit varies somewhat according to the place at which the beer is sold.—[N. Y. Commercial.

## LONDON, LAUREL COUNTY.

—Give us an overcoat for these nights. —This scribbles was in Lebanon on Wednesday. —'Possum and sweet potatoes again grace the tables of the best livers. —We sympathize deeply with Editor Hopper on account of his recent heavy loss by fire. —The court house fence is still unbuild. What will you give us, fellows, to hush talking about it. —If there is any one subject we're cranky on, it's that of a fence around our handsome court house. It is a shame that it is not built.

—Grape growing has become a well-defined and paying industry in this county. This luscious fruit sells readily here at 7 1/2 to 10 cents per pound.

—As many as three steam saw mills have burned in this immediate neighborhood in the past two weeks. That belonging to John E. Williams is the last.

—J. T. Williams has built a commodious house and is making a huge pond and proposes to keep things cool in and around London another year.

—Other towns with not one half the natural advantages of London have manufacturing, banks and many things we have never dreamed of. Way can't London have something?

—The Swiss butcher, Len, who had his arm amputated a little over a week ago, may be seen any of these evenings sitting in front of his door quietly enjoying a cigar. His rapid recovery is a feather in the caps of Drs. Scates and Ramsey.

—Away back in the dim past this paper proposed to head a subscription for a walk around public square. Is there no public-spirited citizen to back us on our own proposition or make us put up? Winter is coming on and many a neck may be broken in the effort to reach the court house on slippery, sliding dirt walks.

—Miss Kate Cochran, of Madison, is visiting in this county. Willie E. Smith, lately in the railroad business here, now of E. town, on his way to Woodbine on business Monday, stopped off a few hours with friends in this city. Mr. Jesse Sasser, after roaming the wild West over for something like a year, has returned to the scenes of his childhood, satisfied that he it never so humble, there's no place like home! Mr. J. T. Williams and Master James are taking in Louisville and the Ex. these few days last past.

## GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

Lancaster.

—The grand jury after a recess since Saturday met again yesterday.

—The Garrard County Fishing Club had one of their excellent dinners on Dix River yesterday.

—C. W. Sweeney left on Wednesday for New York, where he will buy a large stock of fall goods.

—Mr. Wm. R. Foster, of Miller's Hotel, is doing Lexington this week, taking in the fair and pirouetting around generally.

—The Owsley Rifles returned from Frankfort Wednesday, looking a little jaded, but still in the ring. They report a big time.

—The young lady boarders have begun to arrive at Garrard Female College for the coming session. Four came in on Tuesday.

—Fifteen extra of New York cattle were shipped by the K. C. from Lancaster this week. The amount realized by their sale was \$15,000. This will help old Garrard out some.

—John Spratt's new residence is nearly finished. R. H. Batson has rented the new residence of R. C. Bradley and will take possession when it is finished. R. A. Barnside will remove into his handsome new house about Oct. 1st.

—Perhaps not one third of the tax payers of Garrard were able to pay their taxes by Sept. 1st. Those who failed will have to pay 36 per cent. on the amount of their tax additional and pay it by Nov. 1st. It is a fact that those who failed to pay their taxes by Sept. 1st, do pay 36 per cent. penalty. You see they pay 6 per cent. on the face of the amount of their taxes for the benefit of a 60 day extension; this is the same as 36 per cent. per annum.

—I understand from a man who was in Morehead during Brother Barnes' stay there and who was present at the first night's services, that the reporter for the Louisville Commercial was mistaken about the conduct of Boone Logan. He, Logan, was not present at the services on the night in question, therefore he could not have left the house. He attended some of the meetings afterwards, and appeared well pleased with Brother Barnes, saluting him respectfully every time he met him. This news is perfectly reliable.

—It is just a little exasperating at this particular time, when water is so very scarce and whisky is to be had for neither love nor money, to have one of these good prohibitionists, not the extreme ones, remark, when some bibulous fellow is commenting upon the peculiar condition of the earth, sky and air, of late: "Well, boys, just before the drought set in a friend of mine sent me a five gallon keg of seven-year-old, and I have over a gallon of it left, but I can't get any of it out for you, for fear of the old woman. But I'll admit that it goes well with ice and sugar, at such times as these."

## CRAB ORCHARD, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—We are now enjoying a delightful spell of cool weather.

—The band left Crab Orchard Springs last Saturday night.

—Born, on the 28th, to the wife of Mr. D. G. Slaughter, a girl.

—Mrs. D. C. Payne has been confined to her bed with an attack of fever.

—Rev. J. G. Livingston, who has had such a long spell of fever, is about well again.

—A party of nine from Crab Orchard Springs and Mr. J. W. Brooks and his sister, Miss Mollie, left Tuesday last for a visit to the latter part of this week.

—Died, on the 26th, at the residence of her father, Mr. Hiram Bundren, Mrs. M. M. Wolfe, of Bourbon county, after a lingering illness. Her remains were laid to rest in the old grave-yard on Saturday afternoon.

—We had the pleasure of taking tea with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Clifford at Miss Alice Ward's last Sunday evening. The supper was excellent and needs no higher praise than to say it was under the management of Mrs. Sam Ward.

—As Mrs. James Fish was returning from the bath at Dripping Springs last Saturday night her carriage turned over and threw her out; also Misses Nannie Slavin and Nannie Kennedy and Mr. Sam Magee. They all escaped uninjured, excepting Mrs. Fish, who received some very painful, tho' not dangerous bruises. We learn that she has almost recovered from the effects of the accident.

—Miss Lulu Stuart is visiting Miss Mattie Beazley, near Stanford. Mrs. Minnie Robinson, of Hustonville, is the guest of Mrs. Sue Holmes. Mrs. Scott Farris has returned from Harrodsburg, accompanied by Mrs. Lucinda Stephenson and Miss Sue Middleton. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Clifford, of Livingston, have been the guests of Miss Alice Ward. Pretty Mrs. D. B. Edmiston has returned from a visit to her father in Garrard. Hon. Samuel Ward, of Livingston, has been visiting his family the past few days. Misses Lou Rothwell and Nannie Slavin, of Paint Lick, were the guests of Miss Jennie Kennedy. Mrs. Cottrell and Miss Lilla Harrison, of Knoxville, Tenn., are visiting Miss Mary Curtis. Miss Lucille Bergeron, of New Orleans, La., is the guest of Miss Maggie Davis.

## HUSTONVILLE, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—Conversation has a tendency now to drift into discussion of the weather.

—The colored teachers of Lincoln and Garrard will hold a united session at Lancaster on the 6, 7, 8 and 9th of this month. All are expected to attend.

—Miss Eugenia Peyton is still lingering with no apparent change. The general health of our section is good notwithstanding the trying season we have had.

—If the object of the late reformers was to make things generally dry, we may say of them, as the Summary boys used to say, a flogging sermonizer: "We think the brethren have encouragement to persevere."

—Sam Cowan sold to Messrs. Roe & McCormack 30 head of two-year old cattle, Adair county calves, weighing 1,200 pounds, at 3 to 3 1/2 cents. Our mill has nearly shut down to wait for spring rains. Feed is getting very scarce and the idea of pasturage is simply a burning disgrace.

—Dr. Brown left yesterday to attend the grand Medical Convention at Washington City. We need not say we are proud of our representative. Misses Lizzie and Blanche Twidwell chaperone the expedition. We wish the party success and enjoyment equal to their acknowledged merit.

—The oldest inhabitant is unable to cite a parallel to the prevailing drought from modern history; but is compelled to fall back on Elvish of old for a historian to describe a similar case from the annals of a former generation. The only bountiful exhibition of moisture we have witnessed recently was the welling up of Dr. Brown's eyes on the occasion of his unexpected separation from a valued friend. But a reunion has taken place and the doctor's lachrymals are as dry as ever.

The Grand Army of the Republic, tho' originally intended, it may be, as a non-political body, long ago degenerated into a mere auxiliary of the republican party. They hate Grover Cleveland worse than they do Jefferson Davis; they despise a democrat worse than they do a rebel. They have but one object in view, but one purpose in keeping up the organization—the success of the republican party. The democratic members who were deluded into the belief that it was simply a body of war veterans who represented the cause of the Union in the civil struggle, are deserting its ranks by the hundreds, and it is but a question of a short time when it will stand forth in its true colors, a solid mass of republican politicians and partisans. Its attempts to pose as a non-political organization are becoming weaker and weaker.—[Louisville Post.

"Remember, Bobby," said his mother, "When you are about to do something you know to be wrong, that although I may not see you there is one who does." "Who do you mean?" inquired Bobby anxiously. "God," "Oh," said Bobby, with a look of intense relief. "I thought you mean papa."—[New York Sun.

## BANK STOCK!

Fifty Shares of Farmers National Bank of Stanford for Sale.

I will sell the above stock before the Court-house door in Stanford, County Court day, September, 1887.

M. P. SALLEE, Administrator Rachel Jones, dec'd.

252-41

G. A. BENEDICT & CO.,

STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

Well Drillers and Pump Adjusters.

See Wells Drilled to order and pumps furnished at factory prices.

245-1 f

E. H. FOX,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

DANVILLE, KY.

Has removed to his elegant new building opposite the post office and is better than ever prepared to accommodate the public with fine pictures from Photographs to life size. Satisfaction guaranteed.

252-1 f

THE NO. 1 RESTAURANT

NEW ENGLISH KITCHEN,

GEO. W. HINESLEY, Prop.

408 JEFFERSON ST., LOUISVILLE.

We will be better prepared than ever to accommodate visitors to the exposition this year. Rates very reasonable and everything new and clean. Open day and night. Elegantly furnished rooms. Location in the heart of the city.

256-41

NOTICE.

To the Citizen of Lincoln County:

Having recently equipped a fine Roller Mill in the town of Stanford, that we defy any Mill to equal in quality of flour, we think the citizens of the county should have county price enough to patronize and sustain the same. We wish to inform them that we are in the market to buy your wheat and corn and will give the highest market price for same. We have added some new machinery to our corn meal department and can now make meal to suit any person. It cannot be equaled by any other Mill in this vicinity. We solicit a trial in our flour and meal department. All having grain in our line for sale will please call at Mill, where our agent can be found at all times, who will give the best prices for same. Brand and ship stuff always in stock.

W. S. POTTS, Supt., Stanford Roller Mill Co.

251-1 f

Notice of Incorporation!

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned have formed a corporation and have recorded the articles thereof in the clerk's office of the Lincoln County Court, pursuant to Chapter 56, Gen. Statutes of Kentucky.

I. The name of the Corporation is the "Cumberland Valley Land Company."

II. The general nature of the business is to buy and sell lands in Harlan and Bell counties, Ky., to mine coal and to manufacture lumber.

III. Its principal place of business is Stanford, Kentucky.

IV. The capital stock is fixed at \$150,000, with privilege to begin on \$50,000. Each share is \$100, to be paid in money.

V. The Corporation shall begin business on the 25th day of July, 1887, and continue 25 years.

VI. The affairs of the Corporation are to be conducted by a Board of seven Directors, from which a President, Secretary and Treasurer are to be elected. The incorporators shall compose the first board, and the election thereafter to be held on the third Wednesday of July annually.

VII. The Corporation shall incur no debt greater than one-fourth of its paid up stock.

VIII. The private property of stockholders shall be exempt from corporate debts and liabilities.

IX. The Corporation shall possess all the powers prescribed in Chapter 56, General Statutes of Kentucky.

W. G. WELCH, ROBT. BOYD, VINCENT BORING, JOHN BENNETT, GEORGE MCALISTER, W. P. WALTON, J. S. HOCKER.

[240-31]

GANTER'S

CHICKEN

Cholera Cure!

Thousands of dollars worth of chickens die every year from Cholera. It is more fatal to chickens than all other diseases combined. But the discovery of a remedy that positively cures it has been made, and to be convinced of its efficacy only requires a trial. A 50-cents bottle is enough for one hundred chickens. It is guaranteed. If, after using two-thirds of a bottle, the buyer is not thoroughly satisfied with it as a cure for Chicken Cholera, return it to the undersigned and your money will be refunded.

DR. W. B. PENNY,

DENTIST,

Stanford - - Kentucky

Office on Lancaster street, next door to INTERIOR JOURNAL office. Office hours from 8 to 12 A. M. and 1 to 5 P. M. Anesthetics administered when necessary.

[153-17]

PIANOS!

The world-renowned Knabe, the famous Decker & Son, the popular and reliable Everett. The celebrated Clough & Warren, and the John Church & Co's

ORGANS.

Any one desiring an elegant and durable musical instrument will do well to examine our prices before purchasing. We are agents for the well-known John Church & Co., and will warrant our Pianos for seven years, and our Organs for five years. The Everett Piano and the Clough & Warren Organ are the best and most reliable instruments manufactured. Our instruments can be seen at the postoffice in Stanford, where Miss Rose Richards will state prices, etc. Persons who have purchased these instruments will testify to their durability and elegant finish. We will be glad to serve the public, and guarantee satisfaction.

Elder W. L. Williams, of Hustonville, also represents the John Church & Co., and will be pleased to serve his friends.

S. R. & L. J. COOK, Agents.

REFERENCE:

John D. Carpenter, Hustonville; J. M. Elmore, Stanford; James Beasley, Stanford; J. M. Phillips, Stanford; A. R. Penny, Stanford; Mrs. Fannie Farris, Lancaster; Gen. W. J. Landrum, Lancaster; Charles Sandidge, Junction City; W. M. Payne, Preachersville; Mrs. E. M. Carpenter, Stanford; Mrs. Maggie Holmes, Crab Orchard; O. T. Wallace, Lancaster.

133-17

## BANK STOCK FOR SALE!

I wish to sell Forty-five Shares of First National Bank stock of Stanford. If not sold privately will sell publicly County Court day, Sept. 2nd.

H. T. BUSH,

247-41

LAKE ICE!!

I will deliver to regular customers in Stanford and vicinity every morning at

Two Cents Per Pound.

Accounts due at the close of each month or when customer quits.

R. E. BARROW.

MILLINERY.

I am daily opening an elegant line of Spring and Summer Millinery, including all

The Latest Novelties of the Season.

Also Notions, such as Handkerchiefs, Collars and Cuffs, Rushing, Corsets, Bustles, etc. You will find me at the rooms lately vacated by Smiley & Warren, next door to the Myers House.

162-2m

KATE DUDDEAR.

WM. AYRES, JAS. O. GIVE SR., Notary Public.

AYRES & GIVENS,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

341 Fifth Street,

LOUISVILLE, - - KY.

Rooms 3 and 5, Cronin Block. (196-17.)

PEARSON & CLARK,

Wholesale Grocers

LEXINGTON, KY.

12 & 14 West Main Street.

205-6m

TAXES! TAXES!

The New Revenue Law adds six per cent. to all Taxes unpaid by the first day of September and I will have to collect it. So please come forward and settle.

9-2m

T. D. NEWLAND, S. L. C.

NEWCOMB HOTEL.

MT. VERNON, KY.

This old and well-known Hotel is still maintaining its fine reputation. Charges reasonable. Special attention to the traveling public.

H. P. NEWCOMB, Prop., Mt. Vernon, Ky.

53-6m

MARTIN & PERKINS.

The new firm hopes not only to sustain the reputation of the old, but intends to make many improvements in the manufacture of tobacco which will be to the interest of our customers. We will devote special attention to our Natural Leaf brands of Kentucky's best leaf. Thanking you for past favors and asking for a continuation of your trade, we remain,

Respectfully yours,

MARTIN & PERKINS.

DR. I. S. BURDETT,

OCULIST,

BRODHEAD, KY.

Has had an experience of over fifteen years, and has successfully treated hundreds of cases. Special attention is given to the treatment of all diseases of the eyes. Name and address of patients cured given on application if desired.

220-6m

L. & N.

Louisville & Nashville R. R.

—THE GREAT—

THROUGH TRUNK LINE

—TO THE—

SOUTH & WEST

—WITH—

Pullman Palace Sleepers.

Louisville

to Nashville, Memphis,

Atlanta, Montgomery, Little Rock,

Mobile and New Orleans.

Only one change to points in

Arkansas and Texas.

EMIGR



W. P. WALTON.

## GOVERNOR BUCKNER.

Inducted Into Office With Much Pomp and Ceremony.

[Editorial Correspondence.]

FRANKFORT, AUG. 30.—Kentucky's capital is in holiday attire to day and its citizens are doing themselves proud. The houses are handsomely decorated and the air is filled with the graceful waves of innumerable "star spangled banners." Martial music is heard and the measured step of the gaily caparisoned State soldiery as it falls into line to receive the next governor, gives additional grandeur to the occasion. Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner is to be inducted into the office to which the people have called him and it is to be done in a manner befitting the importance of the event. The grand old soldier looks every inch a man among men as he is received by the military from the Capital Hotel and escorted to the capitol grounds, where in a profusely decorated stand the inaugural ceremonies are to be held. Arriving there "Bullivar and Bettie," Gov. and Mrs. Knott, Judge Pryor and others take the seats prepared for them while the grand stand fills up with the distinguished and not so much distinguished people who have been invited to do so. Then a little weak voiced brother takes it to the Lord in prayer, the band plays and Gov. Knott delivers his farewell address. It is not a review of his official acts or an explanation of them, but a genuine heartfelt good bye to official life, the people of Frankfort and his associates in office, and is delivered in a feeling manner. A well done, thou good and faithful servant sentiment seems to pervade the vast throng and a hearty applause follows the closing of his speech.

After the band has played another selection, Gen. Buckner advances amid cheers and in a clear and distinct voice reads from manuscript a short but manly and appropriate address in which he pledges his entire consecration to the duties he is about to assume, promising always to discharge them to the best interests of the people, as he conceives them. Judge Pryor then administers the oath of office and the white-haired old veteran sits down by Bettie, who receives him with her sweetest smile, while the crowd cheers long and heartily. The oath is also administered to that splendid specimen of Kentucky manhood, L. Gov. J. W. Bryan, and then Judge Davall comes forward with a set of handsomely framed resolutions adopted by the citizens of Frankfort and calling Gov. Knott forward reads them to him. They are of a most appreciative nature and in responding the governor chokes up with emotion, and the two men mingle their tears together in a very affecting manner. It is a pathetic scene and everyone who witnessed it forgave anything of bitterness that he may have felt towards the retiring governor. Prayer is again offered and amid music and congratulations the crowd disperses.

The announcement of the Cabinet creates for the most part surprise, but the men chosen are worthy and well qualified and will discharge their duties acceptably to the people. The Cabinet is as follows: Secretary of State—Hon. George M. Adams, of Knox.

Assistant Secretary of State—Hon. Willis Ringo, of Hickman.

Adjutant General—Hon. Sam E. Hill, of Ohio.

Private Secretary—Mr. Will R. Griffiths, of Owensboro.

## INCIDENTS.

As Gov. Buckner concluded his address cannon belched forth their deep mounded welcome to the incoming executive, which was reverberated and re-reverberated by the hills that environ the little city.

When Gov. Knott showed such deep emotion during the reading of the resolutions, an irreverent son of a gun, too far off to hear what it was about, remarked: "I don't blame him for crying; I'd cry too if I was about to lose a \$5,000 a year job."

The most appreciative of the 10,000 spectators was Will Walton, "little Will, who stays in the printing office," and who accompanied me on his way to Virginia. He took in everything, including the penitentiary, and became so interested in the latter that he liked to have got locked in for the night.

Col. E. Polk Johnson got none of the plumbs to day, but I have a "straight tip" that when the railroad commission is appointed his name will be in the list or thereabouts. This is a better position for him than any of them. He can fill its duties and still retain his position on the greatest paper in the South or West.

I am indebted to that modest and popular young officer, Col. Wickliffe Chapman, Assistant Adjutant General, for special courtesies. Col. Chapman will be one of the exs, but this will not lose him to Frankfort. He is already established in a paying drug store, and he and his lovely wife will continue to make the capital city their home.

Dr. John D. Wood, that noblest work of God, an honest man, and a big-hearted one withal, laid hands upon and would have taken me a prisoner, but for the presence of the military. As it was I only got off by the skin of my teeth. I am gratified to say that he has a dead sure thing to be re-elected public printer, notwithstanding his designs upon your humble servant.

The selection of Willis Ringo for assistant Secretary withdraws him from the race for Clerk of the House. This caused Mr. Green R. Keller, who was candidate

for Assistant Clerk to announce himself for Clerk and we also learn that our own Col. Sam M. Burdett is likely to enter the contest. In the meantime our friend, M. T. Craft, can get in his work for assistant clerk and we hope get there without peradventure. W. P. W.

THE State Industrial and Commercial Conference which is to be held in Louisville on October 4th is one of the most important undertakings that Kentucky has projected for many years. At this time when capital is flocking into the South and fortunes are being rapidly made, the value of thoroughly advertising Kentucky's resources and advantages cannot be overestimated. The Executive Committee, of which Gov. Knott is chairman, is making preparations to have all the industries of the State thoroughly discussed, the growth of agriculture, commerce and manufactures noted, the wonderful railroad development signified, and will send broadcast such an advertisement of Kentucky as will attract universal attention. The work of the committee at Louisville has already caused a rush of capital to Southeastern Kentucky where numbers of land companies have located to build and develop railroads and towns. With concerted action the whole State can be made to progress rapidly and every section can attract capital and new industries. Kentucky is the most richly dowered State in the Union and her advantages should be thoroughly made known. The members of the Auxiliary Committee of all the counties should see that delegates are sent to the Convention with full reports of county resources and growth, so that every county will reap value from the meeting. The Auxiliary Committee for this county are: G. A. Lacey, M. C. Sandley, Wm. G. Welch and W. P. Walton.

THE Courier Journal made two very bad breaks Wednesday—speaking of Adjutant General Hill as a Confederate soldier, when he served very gallantly in the Federal army, and using Commissioner Davis' picture to represent Secretary of State Matt Adams. This is accounted for by the fact that editor in chief, managing editor and numerous other editors and reporters were off either on business or pleasure bent.

The most unequivocal endorsement of Cleveland's administration comes from the Pennsylvania democrats, who met in State convention Wednesday. Their platform demands that the surplus in the treasury be used to pay the public debt; that unnecessary expenses be prevented and that a prudent reduction be made in internal taxation and of duties on imports.

## NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—The public debt reduction in August was about \$5,000,000.

—Pigman and Perry were acquitted of the murder of Craig Tolliver.

—The paper house of W. St. Clair Ross & Co., Cincinnati, has failed for \$40,000.

—The Government receipts during the present month have averaged over \$1,000,000 a day.

—Gen. Miles, the noted Indian fighter, was thrown from a stage at Los Angeles and had his leg broken.

—There has been an increase of \$10,000,000 in the supply of gold in this country during the past 17 months.

—The corn crop of the South, according to a Baltimore trade paper, will exceed that of 1886 by over 50,000,000 bushels.

—Ben Neal, a farmer, living ten miles from Owensboro, lost his wife into insensibility because she wanted to visit her father.

—A 19 year-old clerk in the Saco, Maine, Bank, who was a model Sunday-school scholar, got hold of \$200,000 belonging to the institution and has left for parts unknown.

—A dog that would not stay at home caused a quarrel and exchange of shots between Coroner Crawl and H. C. Hoover, at Nicholasville. Both were injured, but not seriously.

—A man named Johnson, living near Mason City, Nebraska, killed his wife with a piece of stove wood because she wouldn't let him have a revolver to shoot his brother, with whom he had quarreled.

—Senator Camden, of West Virginia, predicts the renomination of Cleveland and Baine, if the latter will accept. He says the battle lies in New York and that Sherman would be stronger there than Mr. Blaine.

—Sharps following Forepaugh's circus played havoc while they were in Hopkinsville by entering a dozen or more houses in broad daylight, while the residents were attending the circus, taking therefrom what valuables they could find.

—Two men attempted to force their way into the home of Mr. John Epps, living at Chadron, Neb. The lady defended herself by main strength until almost overpowered when she got a revolver and shot both her assailants, inflicting fatal wounds.

—Henry Swan, colored, living at Augusta, Ky., found a bottle of beer on his doorstep and proceeded to dispose of its contents. He was taken violently ill, and the doctor summoned found evidence of arsenical poisoning. Swan's friends think it was an attempt to kill him by unknown enemies.

—The cause of a peculiar epidemic which resulted in the death of a number of people at Taorn Grove, near Knoxville, Tenn., has just been discovered. Last fall a general slaughter of dogs occurred in the neighborhood and the dead bodies were thrown into a cave. A stream of water which ran through this cave supplied a big spring from which the little settlement obtained its drinking water. The decaying carcasses of the dogs polluted the water and caused the fatal disease.

—Glorious reports come from old Virginia. There has been no suffering from the want of rain and the crops, especially corn, will be better this year than for years. The tobacco crop will be good, but the acreage is not as great as usual.

—Thomas Henry and William Christian, rivals for the affections of the same young lady met on the pike near Lexington. Henry received a pistol wound which may result in death. He is a nephew of Captain Thomas Henry, Clerk of the Court of Appeals.

—Lebanon suffered a \$50,000 fire Monday night, which laid in ashes a considerable portion of the business part of town. The fire broke out in Fowler's second-hand clothing store, but its origin is not known. Mrs. M. F. Cardwell's magnificent three-story building was the second to catch. This building was occupied on the first floor by Mrs. Cardwell's grocery store; the Lebanon Standard and Times on the second while the third was used as Knights Templars' Asylum and Masonic Hall. The postoffice and fixtures were burned and a number of store-houses and dwellings were destroyed. The Verandah Hotel was saved by hard fight. There seem to have been about \$30,000 insurance on the whole.

—The Climax extra, dated August 30th, has this to say about the \$60,000 fire which occurred at Richmond Monday night: "At 11 o'clock last night a fire broke out in the livery stable of W. W. Pigg & Son, on Main street, and in the shortest time possible, so rapid were the flames, the entire stable, with seven horses, 15 vehicles and much other property were in ruins. The alarm was sounded and the engines brought rapidly to the scene, but the conflagration could not be subdued until Covington, Arnold & Bro's. grocery, Shackelford, Gentry & Co's. hardware house, new Opera House, Nell's produce store, Douglas' butcher shop and Green's Opera House, the Adams Express, S. Dinelli & Co's. restaurant and Smith & Bolton's shop were consumed, entailing a loss of about \$60,000, and so far as we can learn only \$37,000 insurance. The origin of the fire is not known. Mr. Joe Pigg was burned on the neck before he could escape from the office of the stable where he was sleeping."

## MT. VERNON, ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

—Squirrels are plentiful now, but rather wild.

—The wife of William Harrison died on Monday.

—Crit Caldwell had his right foot painfully hurt Monday by having a large building stone fall on it.

—Squire J. Lemon, of Laurel, passed through town Tuesday with his wagons on his way to Missouri.

—The long drought is causing the mast to fall greatly and what was thought would prove to be a good mast will be slim, if rain does not come soon.

—C. W. Ping on calling the roll Wednesday morning found one boy more—a ten pounder, in his flock, without a name. He will be taken care of and trained up in the political views of the family. Dave Carter's household was served in the same manner Tuesday morning.

—Dr. A. G. Lovell has been looking after building stone in this vicinity at the suggestion of some Louisville parties. He has found some splendid quarries of excellent stone, much better than the noted Bedford quarries. It is more than probable the parties will open and develop the quarry in this place, which is the best one yet found.

—If the stone from the new quarry proves to be what is expected of it, it will be quite a help to our little town, as it will bring a large number of workmen here to develop and work the quarries. A prominent builder of Louisville sometime since pronounced a specimen of this stone to be first class and very valuable. Other specimens were taken there during the last few days and it is believed that parties there will take the matter up and push it.

—Mr. H. H. Baker, former sheriff, is at Frankfort, taking in the inaugural festivities and settling with Auditor Hewitt. Several new cases of flux are reported. J. W. Alcorn was here Tuesday and Wednesday. Mrs. Amanda Limrick, with her little son, of Grant county, is visiting her parents at Pleasant Valley. Jack McCall, a former citizen of our place, is now at Severy, Kansas, running a section on a railroad. Richard Welsh, D. C. Poynter and Dr. A. G. Lovell, are in Louisville.

Resolved, That we the teachers of the common schools of Rockcastle county, do approve the holding of a teachers' institute.

2. That we recommend the passage of a compulsory law to enforce attendance at school.

WHEREAS, We believe "A" is the teacher so will the school be.

Resolved, That we ask our Superintendent and examiners to give all applicants for certificates a thorough and rigid examination.

4th. That we comprehend in our instructor, Prof. Lugenbeel, all that is necessary to make an institute a success and that he has spared no pains, but has put forth every effort necessary.

5. That we tender him our sincere thanks.

6. That we favor and strongly advocate the monthly holding of a teachers' association.

7. That we tender our worthy and efficient superintendent, Dr. S. C. Davis, our thanks for his cordiality and hospitality during our session.

8. That we extend our thanks to the citizens of Mt. Vernon and vicinity for their hospitality.

9. That a copy of these resolutions be furnished the INTERIOR JOURNAL and the Mountain Echo for publication.

J. N. BROWN, Ch'm.

M. B. DeBord, Sec'y.

## BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

An Interesting Letter From Capt. Frank Harris, Giving a Description of His Trip to "The Magic City."

The following letter from Capt. Frank Harris was written as a personal one to the editor with permission to mention what he thought would interest our readers, but as it is all good we put it in just as it was received:

FRIEND WALTON:—I was importuned by some of my friends at Stanford to drop them a line from this place and I will just fire it at you and if there is anything in it that you can pluck a local from you are welcome to it.

Birmingham is 439 miles from Stanford and in 26 hours, after shaking you a friendly farewell my feet were under the dispatcher's table here and I went immediately to work. The first man to greet me was George Willis, formerly of Lebanon Junction, who had lodged here on his way to Montgomery, and the meeting was mutual ly pleasant as Willis was only a day old here and was into it up to his neck.

I enjoyed my trip down very much. It rained steadily throughout the trip and consequently there was no dust. I cannot tell you my feelings in thinking that my home at Stanford is a thing of the past and my heart comes into my mouth when I reflect how dear the old place is to me and mine. About four years ago we wandered there unknown to you all, but through a kind providence we were fortunate in finding a home with that most excellent lady, Mrs. Lou Shanks, where our dear boy found his birth place, that we shall always remember that household with affection and pride that need not be told here. I saw a number of my railroad friends after leaving Stanford, at points along the line, all of whom expressed their best wishes in a way that made me feel that they were sincere and I am sure there is not a man on the Knoxville Division but what I can heartily echo that sentiment to. I left Louisville at 11:20 P. M. of the day I left Stanford and when daylight overtook us we were whirling through the National cemetery just north of Nashville. At the latter place I met Charley Turner, who turned me over to Conductor Brewster, who was in charge of the train thence to Montgomery. Mr. Brewster was as well acquainted with me as with anybody after we had been together an hour and did the clever thing all the way along. As we neared Sand Mountain, about 30 miles south of Decatur, Brewster invited me out on the rear end of the train to witness the place of the railroad accident that occurred there about a year ago. This is the point where the train went through the bridge and several were killed and the passenger train was saved the terrible plunge by Conductor John Harris. My attention was called to the stream that John swam with the mercury below zero, an account of which was told in a thrilling way by all the leading newspapers throughout the country. Now, if you can imagine a man swimming across the St. Asaph at the foot of depot street to reach Uncle John Myers' livery stable you will realize what a tough time John had swimming the river.

Decatur is the first place of any importance after leaving Nashville. The Tennessee river is crossed before entering the town from the North, and I was surprised at the magnitude of it, as it is very much wider than the Ohio at Louisville.

Now for Birmingham! This place looks to me as though it had not been under construction more than six months; the streets are blocked in every direction with building material of all kinds and large, fine buildings are going up on every hand. Our Company has a fine plant here and their depot is a grand one, the best on the line, not excepting the P. C. & St. L., at Cincinnati. They have yard room here for 14,000 cars and keep five yard engines employed during the day and 4 at night. The boys at Rowland will know what this means. I am proud of the company I work for. I like it because it is an immense concern and has a way of doing things on a large scale and Birmingham can boom all she wants to and our company will keep pace with her and go her one better all the time.

I would like to come here again two years hence and see how it looks after they finish what buildings that are now under construction. I leave here to-morrow for Evansville, Ind., and hope to meet Mrs. H. at Louisville. The weather is delightful here and the men who have been sick are returning to their work. However, I think Indiana will suit me better than this place as it is expensive living here. I have observed one of the laws of health since my arrival here, viz. leaving the table hungry. Albert was right when he observed that I would get hungry down here.

If you will kindly mail my paper to Mt. Vernon, Ill., care L. & N. railroad I will close, wishing to be remembered to all. Your friend,

FRANK HARRIS.

## RELIGIOUS.

—Special request is made that all the churches in town observe next Sunday in praying earnestly for rain.

—Rev. H. C. Morrison will take no more pastoral work, but will give himself to evangelization and travel at large hereafter.

—[Courier Journal.]

—The Tate's Creek Baptist Association which met with the Mt. Taber church, Garrard county, closed an interesting session Wednesday. Rev. Percy G. Elsom, of Stanford, preached the introductory sermon. The attendance was very large and last year's work encouraging. The association meets next year with Liberty church, Garrard county.

—Judge Sage, of the United States Court at Cincinnati, has refused an application to reduce the bail of Benjamin Hopkins, late Assistant Cashier of the Fidelity Bank.

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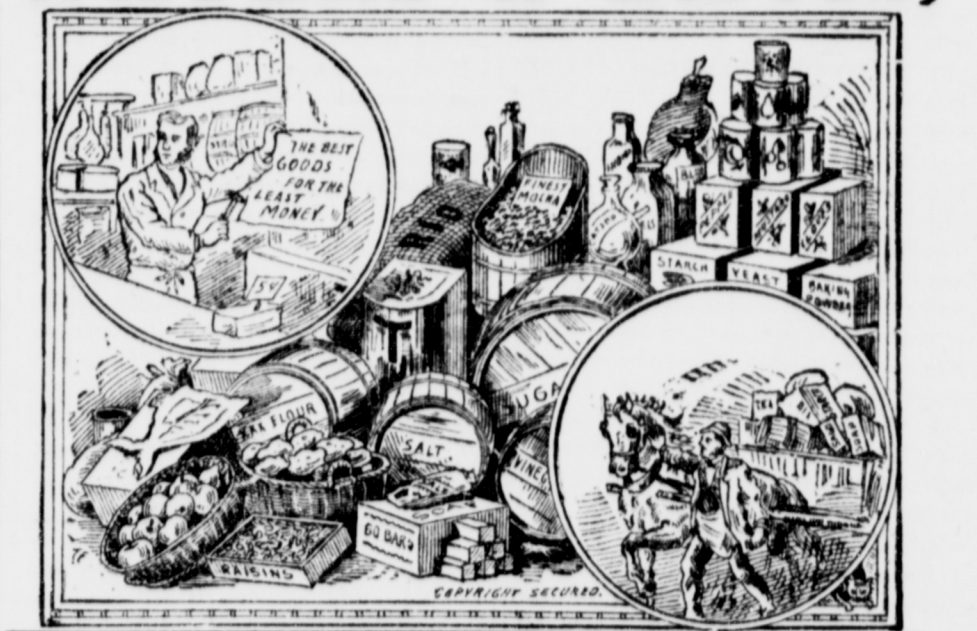
We will continue to handle the justly celebrated and most popular COOK STOVES and RANGES in the Market. Full line of HARDWARE, WAGON MATERIAL, GROCERIES, SALT, LIME, CEMENT, PLUE TILING, &c.

In FARMING IMPLEMENTS we will still place the OLIVER CHILL PLOW in the lead of all others, where it justly deserves to be. Ask your neighbor in reference to its superiority. No steel plow in the market equal to the IMPERIAL.

Examine the BRINLEY COMBINATION PLOW & HARROW. In the PUMPS' line we know the BUCKET PUMP ELEVATOR has no equal. All we ask is to give it a careful examination and trial and you will not have any other, ALASKA REFRIGERATORS and ICE BOXES.

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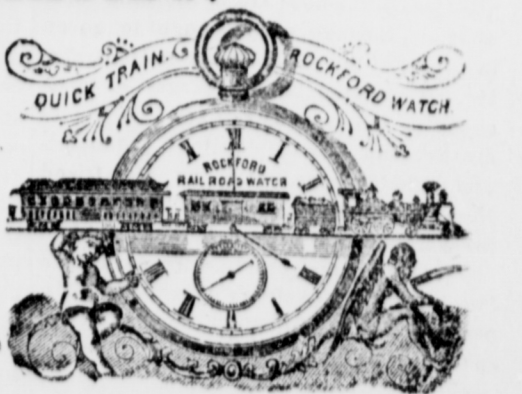
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## LIGHTEN THE WORK.

A Duty That Every Housekeeper Owe to Herself and Her Family.

Have you ever noticed while on the street how many women you pass with tired, weary expressions on their faces? They may be laughing and talking pleasantly, to all appearance as happy as any one could wish, but their sweetest smile can not conceal the weary, want-of-rest expressions that are stamped upon their features. These may, in some cases, be the effects of ill health or too close application to the demands of society, which quite frequently are the causes of ill health, but the majority of them are housekeepers, working housekeepers, many of them mothers of large families. To all housekeepers, but more particularly to the latter class, does this article refer.

It is a duty you owe to yourself and family to lighten your housework as much as possible, so that your husband and children may not be called upon to mourn the loss of wife and mother long before your natural time. Every year there are many women die from overwork, and most of them from unnecessary work. To be sure, this is not the disease set down as the cause of death on the certificate of the physician; there was probably pneumonia, typhoid fever or some other kindred disease, but could we get the opinion of the attending physicians, I have no doubt they would say that, were not the constitutions of many of these women debilitated by overwork, they would have been living to-day. It is, I think, admitted by most physicians that, unless the constitution is naturally weak, or weakened by excesses, the above diseases seldom prove fatal.

American women are not, as a rule, of as robust constitutions as those of other countries. Whether the women themselves are to blame for this or the climate of the country (that, by the way, is made to mother a good many ill she had no hand in making), it is hard to determine, but that the American women are not strong is an established fact. You, then, knowing this, have no right whatever to abuse your constitution by excessive work where there is no necessity for it. Don't have white clothes for the little ones to play in, but if you do have them, make them plain. Throw away all tucks and ruffles in every day wear for yourself and children. Don't wear lace or linen collars every day. They are not worth the strength in doing them up, and if sent to the laundry wear out in such a little while that they do not pay in the end. Use tourists' ruffling for every day. It can not be washed but it is very pretty, and when soiled can be thrown away, and in the end be much cheaper than collars that are washed every week. Particularly is this ruffling suitable to warm, sultry weather, as it retains its shape and is much cooler than linen collars, which are the most uncomfortable kind of neckwear for hot weather. With the exception of a few articles, don't iron but very slightly the plain clothes. Only the sheets for the spare bed need be ironed all over. The rest need not be pressed only at top and bottom. The plain underclothing need get but a slight ironing, and if the family is large, none at all. Some people prefer to wear their underclothing rough dry, claiming that it is healthier. The neatest and best housekeeper I ever knew was an old lady who would never have her underclothing ironed on this score. She never used an iron pot or kettle when she could get a tin or some other light ware to answer the same purpose. She claimed that though tin would wear out quicker than iron, yet in the end it was cheaper, for it saved both time and strength. It saved time, for when in a hurry whatever she wished to cook could be done in one-half the time than if iron were used, and it saved strength, for in lifting from one part of the stove to another it required very little exertion. Some may claim that the tinware is not conducive to health, but, however, if the tin is kept clean there is very little danger to be feared on that score.

Don't have heavy furniture, more particularly in your dining-room or kitchen. Light furniture, both in color and weight, will save a great deal of unnecessary work. Dark-colored furniture shows every speck of dirt that settles on it, and though there would not be enough to harm any body, yet the least speck is an eyesore to the housekeeper, who must keep continually at work to keep it clean. Light-colored furniture does not show dirt in this way, and is much more preferable, and if of light weight the lifting of it is a very easy matter. Get all the labor-saving articles you can possibly afford. You will, very likely, find some that are of little account, but there are some that are excellent, and it will be worth your experiment with the others to find the articles you want. Above all things, don't cling to a certain way of doing things because your grandmother did it that way, when you can find an easier way of doing it. Do you suppose your respected ancestor would have done it the way she did if she could have known an easier one? Certainly not. Remember the world moves, and you are expected to move with it.—*Boston Budget.*

The oat is a splendid food for young animals, because, compared with corn, straw, etc., it is rich in muscle and bone-forming elements, and this also makes it a splendid food for work animals. Corn should be fed sparingly to work animals during the summer especially, as it is a heating food. It will pay to make the grain ration of oats in the morning and at noon.—*Troy Times.*

An anti-slung club has a large membership at Fort Worth Tex.

## A FATAL MISTAKE.

The Terrible Results of a Bad Case of Love-Sickness

A Youthful Recluse Tells the Story of a Disastrous Railroad Collision Caused by His Own Criminal Carelessness.

Away up on the slope of the Allegheny Mountains, four or five miles from Uniontown and only a few steps off the line of the old Cumberland pike, a little plain board cabin stands. It isn't much bigger than a good sized dog kennel and it is set so far back among the rocks and trees that it can not be seen more than one hundred yards away. But there is a cleanly, homelike air about the place that speaks as positively as words of the refinement of the owner. The owner himself is somewhat of a mystery to the great majority of the simple-minded mountain folk who live in that vicinity, but to the select few who enjoy his confidence he is a friend whose friendship is as solid as the rocks on which his little home is built. A Pittsburgh *Dispatch* reporter rambling over the mountains stumbled all unexpectedly upon the secluded dwelling. The occupant was sitting in a home-made hammock just outside the door, adjusting a fish line to a pretty jointed rod. A daily paper lay on the ground at his feet. He was a young man, not more than thirty years of age, but his hair and mustache were as white as silver, and there was an expression of sadness on his face which seemed to be habitual. His clothing was old and worn, but it was well kept and neat for all that, and it was worn with a grace that is not born in the mountain districts. He welcomed his visitor as heartily as though he had known him for years, and his invitation to take a seat and rest almost amounted to a command. During the course of the two hours' conversation which followed he told the sad story of his life and the combination of circumstances which led him to leave the habitations of men and go away into the mountain by himself.

"I was raised and educated in Pittsburgh," he said. "I learned telegraphy in the Western Union office, and when not yet twenty years of age was put in charge of an office on a railroad out in Ohio. It doesn't make any difference what office it was or what road it was on, and I was a rather important one at that. I hadn't been in my new position more than six weeks when I fell desperately in love with a girl who lived only a block from my office. The attachment was mutual, and when the six weeks had lengthened into six months we were engaged. One night—it was February, 1877—I had been to see my sweetheart and about midnight was sitting in my office thinking of the coming wedding, and feeling as happy as any young man with bright prospects ahead of him could feel, when word came over the wires that a special freight was coming over the main track westward. It was still thirty miles away, and after recording the fact that it was coming my thoughts recurred to the little girl down the street.

"Ten minutes later the conductor of the east-bound express came in for orders. 'All right, Bill,' I said, as I glanced up and saw him, and a minute later he was on his train, speeding away at a twenty-five-mile-an-hour gait. The rear lights were out of sight when I happened to look at my desk. There was nothing there but my instrument and a bit of paper, but that bit of paper was enough. There in plain letters on it, were the words I had written not more than a quarter of an hour before: 'Extra freight, tell Bill to sidetrack.' The express was to sidetrack, you know, because the switches were not long enough for freights. My hair fairly stood on end. There was that freight coming on with full steam, with the express going to meet it at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. I fell back in my chair, and the cold perspiration broke out all over me. Then I grasped the key to my instrument and called in succession all the offices intervening between the two trains. They were all day offices, and the operators had gone home hours before. The clicking of the instrument sounded to my excited imagination as loud as the charge of cannons. For five minutes I called in the desperate hope that some one would hear me in time to stop the express. But it was no use. Every office was closed.

"I dropped the key and ran down the stairs and out onto the track. I think I had a wild hope that I could overtake the express, but as soon as I got into the open air I realized the folly of any such attempt, and with the feeling of the most utter despair I returned to the office and dropped into the chair. But I couldn't sit still. The instrument on the desk seemed to mock me and the air in the office seemed stifling. I walked out on the track again and walked back and forth along the cross ties, waiting for the result. I knew it must come, and I instinctively stayed within hearing distance of the instrument.

"It seemed an age, but in reality it wasn't more than half an hour, till the sander clicked and I ran up stairs, hoping beyond hope that some lucky circumstance had averted a disaster. I was so nervous that I could scarcely hold the key to answer. Then I fell back and waited as the instrument clicked what seemed to me to be the death sentence: 'Express and freight collided. Nineteen killed; many injured.'"

"Two weeks later I regained my senses. I had been hovering around between life and death during the interval, and I was still so weak that I could scarcely move a finger. But I recovered rapidly, and then they told me the awful details. Both engineers and the conductor of the passenger train, as well as sixteen passengers, had been killed. The list of injured ran up to nearly fifty. The trains had met on a curve, and the passenger had been thrown over an embankment thirty feet high. The conductor's jury had heard all the details and had exonerated me, although I tell you now I would rather at that time they had hanged me. All through my sickness my sweetheart watched over me and nursed me, and when I recovered she was kindness and consideration itself. But I was in no mood for love-making.

"As soon as I was able to leave the hospital I went to Pittsburgh, and from there I came out here, intending to stay a month or so, till my nerves would get stronger. I stayed all summer, and then it was so quiet and secluded here that I built me this little cabin, and I've been here ever since.

"How do I live? Well, I had a little money in the bank and it don't cost much to live up here. When the money's all gone, I reckon I'll be ready to go myself. I go to Uniontown or Connellsville once in awhile, but outside of those places I have not been away from here for ten years."

## A DAY AT SARATOGA.

An Interview Between Eli Perkins and a Society Belle.

How Fashionable Young Ladies Spend Their Time at Watering Places—A Sweet Creator's Edifying Chats with a Lovely Dude.

I asked a beautiful young lady from St. Louis, who was flirting with three handsome fellows on the balcony of the States, what she did in Saratoga, says Eli Perkins in the *Saratoga News*.

"Do you mean every thing I do?" she asked.

"Yes; I want to know the daily ritual of all you young ladies."

"Well, we get up at eight, put on our nun's veiling or ballet dresses and curl hats and meet Fred or Gus on the front balcony for a walk to the spring. At the spring we meet the girls and fellows from the other hotels, and we all drink the water and talk sensible."

"What do you talk about?"

"Oh, we girls talk about dresses and tell each other what the fellows said the night before. You know on those dark balconies the fellows do say lots of sweet things and some very sensible things, too. Now last night Albert McCormick and I had a regular philosophical discussion. He held the umbrella to keep off mamma's eyes and the electric light. Then we talked about the human soul—how destiny sometimes bound two souls together by an invisible chain. Then we considered the mission of man and woman upon earth—how they ought to comfort each other in sickness and health. Then Albert quite startled me by asking me if ever I really cared for any one. And when I said 'Yes, for papa and mamma,' he laughed and said he didn't mean them, and then I felt quite hurt and the tears came to my eyes, for I do love mamma, even if—"

"Well, what do you do after drinking the water?" I interrupted in my business-like way.

"Why, we all go to breakfast. Then after breakfast it's ten o'clock, you know, and we all sit on the balconies and hear the music and read the newspapers. Sometimes the flirting fellows try to hold our hands under the newspapers. Now, yesterday morning, Albert tried to. He leaned his face towards mine. I felt his mustache almost touch me as he whispered such nice words in my ear. He told me how he had longed for an opportunity to speak to me all alone. Then I was very happy, for I knew he was going to say something very nice indeed, and—"

"And after the balcony discussion, what next?"

"O, then we dress and prink up for dinner. And after dinner, it's five o'clock now, you know, we all go to drive. We drive to Moon's lake and take a lemonade, over to the Casino for a glass of iced, and up to Woodlawn among the cottages. Mother, she scolds us about being so worldly and rumpling so many white dresses where it costs fifteen dollars to wash them, and we girls look out sharp for the fellows in their dog-carts and tandems. Albert took me out in his trap yesterday. Such lovely horses, and Albert, wasn't he lovely, too? We drove over on the old road where nobody ever drives. Then we came back by Lake Lonely—just Albert and I, you know, and the stupid tiger behind—and Albert, he never talked so sensibly. He took my hand and said: 'Every father ought to give his daughter one hundred thousand dollars on her marriage day,' and I said: 'It would be real nice if they would do it—and I know father would,' and then Albert signed his lips came—"

"And what do you do in the evening?" I interrupted.

"Well, we just dance. Mother buys the ball tickets and takes us in, you know, and sits and holds our things and talks scandal with the other mothers. Then the fellows, all dressed just lovely, join us, and we slide off into the waltz. We dress nice, too. How do you like this dress? Connelly's cut decollete, cost two hundred and fifty. I've brought out ten new ones this summer and six more to come. Well, as I was saying, the fellows join us and we dance—and dance and dance. And when we get tired and hot we promenade out on the dark balcony in the wind. Last night Albert held me so tight in the waltz that I almost fainted. When he took me out on the balcony to cool off, my face was so red. Albert said it was because my dress was so tight. I guess Albert did it. Then he commenced one of his sensible talks about brides having dots. I agreed with him, and told him I was to have two hundred thousand and then he put his arm around me. I felt his hot cheek against mine and—"

"Then after the ball, you all retire, don't you?"

"Not much. We girls all go up to Sallie Smith's room and talk it all over. The fellows say they are going down to the reading room but father, he's very blunt, father and he says the profligate dudes go down to the club house, drink champagne and play on the green. Playing on the green must be very innocent, but drinking wine is awful. I know Albert don't drink. Why last night he ate cardamon seeds all the evening and said he ate them so that he'd have no desire to drink. Oh, Albert is so good and true, and he says if finances are all right that we will be married in the—"

"But I must go now," I interrupted, and then I went to my room and wrote down just what the sweet fashionable girl said.

Useful at Rural Resorts.

Fogg, the Boston *Transcript's* funny man, who has been spending a few days in the country, is thinking about patenting a contrivance of his, called the crow discourager, designed to prevent and abolish the practice of crowing, especially at early dawn, by the gentlemen members of the feathered family of the barnyard. Fogg's device is simple, consisting only of a cord, one end of which is attached to chancier's leg, while the other is affixed to the superior section of his bill, which is perforated to receive the string. When a rooster essays to crow he always begins by throwing back his head. When fitted with one of Fogg's discouragers, it will readily be seen, the bird, in throwing back his head, shuts his mouth whether he will or no, and consequently, there is no aperture through which the crow can emerge. Fogg says that before he thought of his discourager he couldn't get a wink of sleep after two o'clock in the morning; but after fitting the fowl with his long-fall, he slept like an angel and was late at breakfast regularly and habitually. Fogg isn't sure, but he thinks his invention may be so perfected in time as to be applicable to dogs, and possibly to babies.

A French Wit's Revenge.

That was a neat compliment that a French wit paid to an enemy who had come and scribbled "Coquin" (blackguard) upon his door one night with a piece of chalk. Next morning the wit went to the fellow's house, and said, in the politest way possible: "Monsieur, you left your name at my door last night, and I have come to return the visit."

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S. M. BOONE, Secretary.

Notice of Amendment

Articles of Incorporation.

The undersigned amend the articles of incorporation of the Standard Roller Mill Company, adopted Feb. 17, 1887, and on that day filed for record in the Clerk's office of Lincoln county, Ky., as follows:

I. The Capital Stock of said Company shall be forty thousand dollars.

II. The corporation shall at no time incur a debt exceeding twenty-six thousand six hundred and fifty dollars. (265 1/2)

W. G. WELCH, G. A. LACKEY,

S. H. SHANKS, H. S. WITHERS,

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